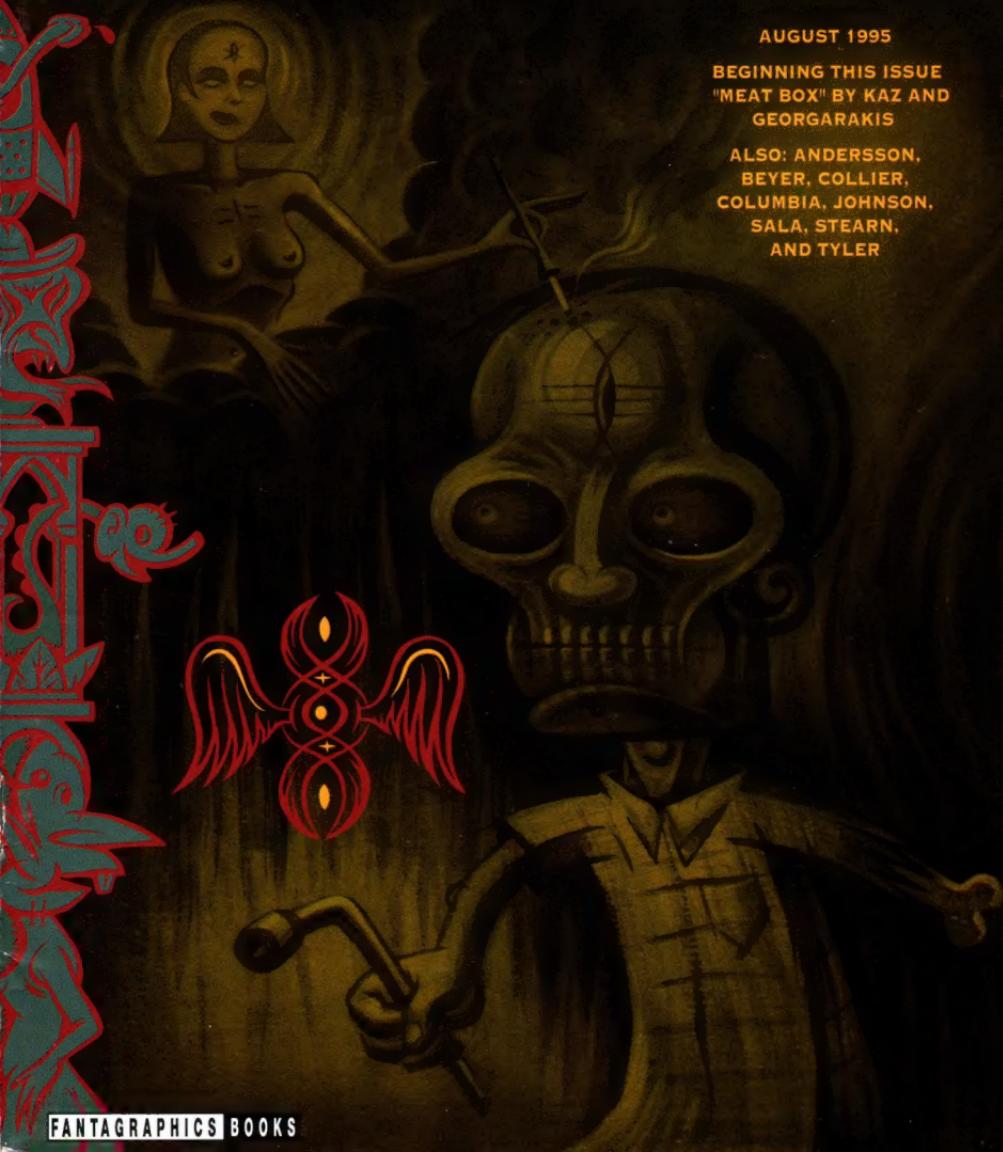


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AUGUST 1995

BEGINNING THIS ISSUE
"MEAT BOX" BY KAZ AND
GEORGARAKIS

ALSO: ANDERSSON,
BEYER, COLLIER,
COLUMBIA, JOHNSON,
SALA, STEARN,
AND TYLER





OPEN
UP, CAR-BOY!
I KNOW YOU'RE
IN THERE PLAYING
WITH YOURSELF
AGAIN

ANDERSSON

MAX

MAX ANDERSSON • IFC



JEFF JOHNSON • 11



RICHARD SALA • 4



TED STEARN • 2

CAROL TYLER • 25



AL COLUMBIA • 17



DAVE COLLIER • 26

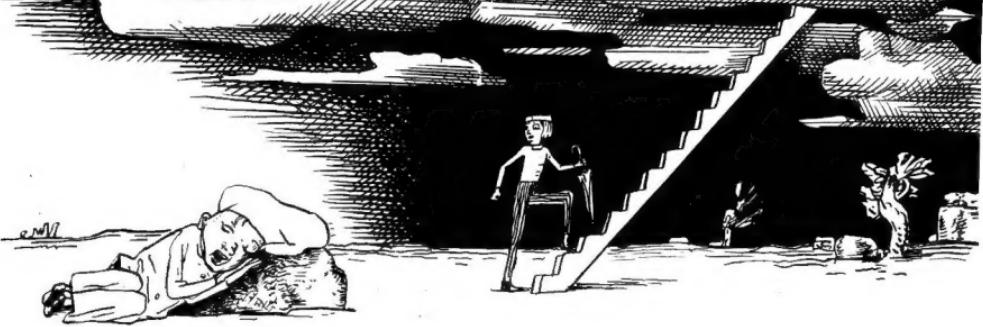
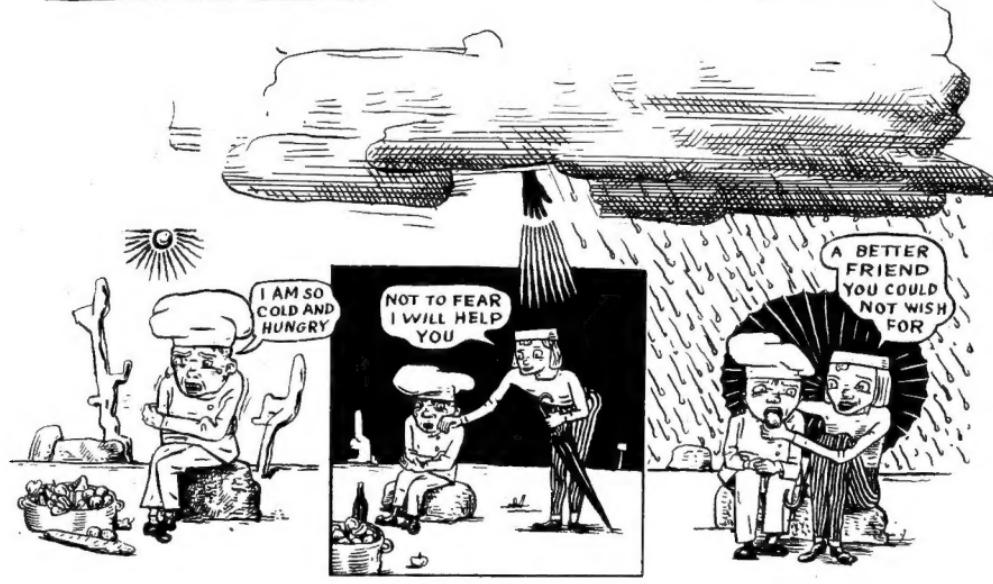


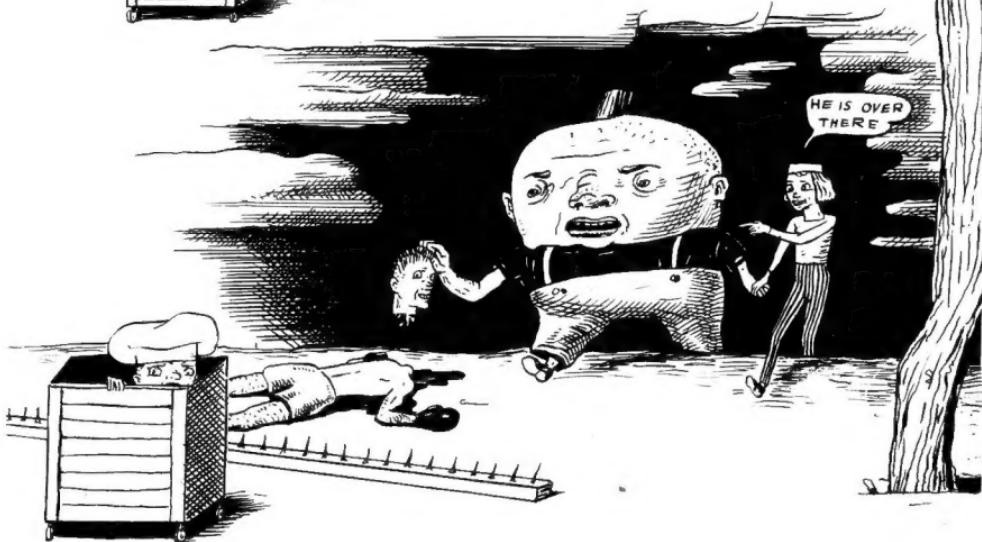
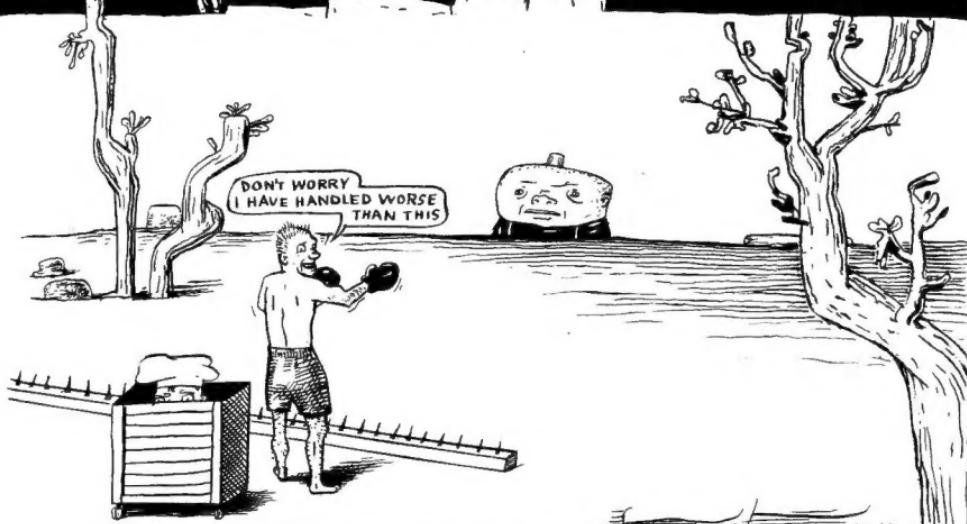
GEORGARAKIS & KAZ • 30



THE FORGOTTEN DREAM
OF A MELANCHOLY CHEF.

BY TED STEARN.







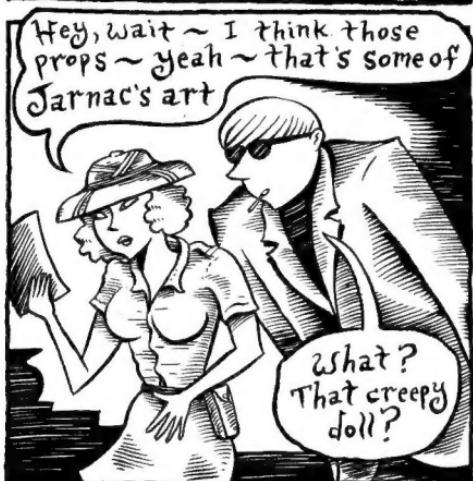
the Chuckling Whatsit

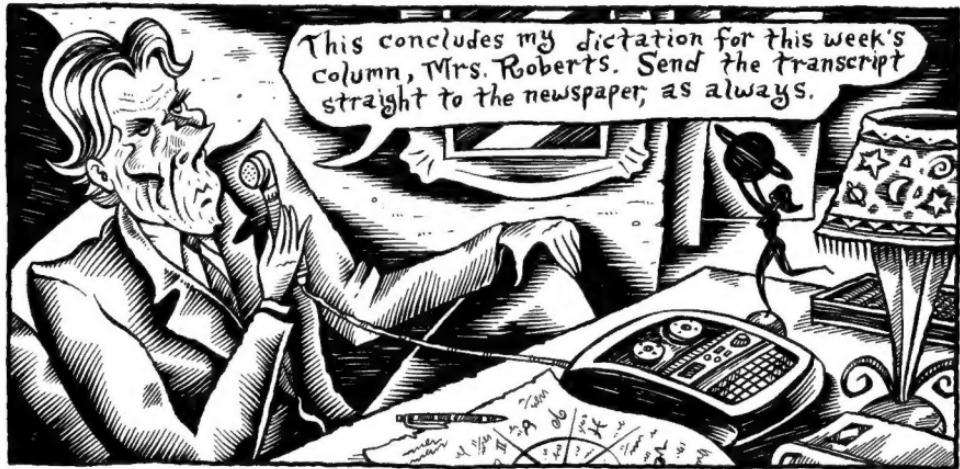
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Previously ~

Unemployed writer Broom takes over the Guardian's astrology column under the byline "Venus." While writing his first installment ~ in the apartment of his predecessor, the late Cyril Root ~ he allows Abigail Aberdevine to search the place for information concerning mysterious outsider artist Emile Jarnac, who Root once researched. Unaware that they are being spied on, Abigail finds something hidden behind a painting...













'Course, the cops think it's a copycat ~ and he doesn't have quite the same m.o. ~ y'know what I mean? The original Ghoul ~ he really was a ghoul ~ he always took a piece of his victims with him! This guy's similar, but he's got a different agenda!



Sure, fella ~ This one's got a special grudge against those guys who write horoscopes for the newspapers. He's croaked, like, five or six of 'em.



7 ~ to be continued

GRUESOME CHARLIE

"NO ERECT PENISSES"

HURRY UP,
PEARL--WE'RE
GOING TO BE LATE!

HOLD YOUR
HORSES, CHARLIE;
THEY WON'T START
WITHOUT US!

YES, YOU KNOW.

NO--I DON'T
REMEMBER ANY
DAMN 'DANCING
FROG' EARRINGS!

WELL, YOU
BOUGHT THEM FOR
ME, ON
VACATION...

WELL, I CAN'T LOOK FOR SOMETHING IF
I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE!

OH, JUST GO
LOOK IN MY
EARRING BASKETS.
HOW HARD CAN IT
BE TO FIND A
PAIR LIKE
THAT?



FINE, FINE,
STOP WHINING;
THESE WILL DO.

LET'S GO.

FINALLY...

SO, ARE YOU NERVOUS
ABOUT SEEING REX
AFTER ALL THESE
YEARS?

NO... WELL, YES. I KNOW
HE'LL BRAG AND BRAG
ABOUT HIS SUCCESSFUL LIFE.

NO--I'M SORRY, CHARLIE, BUT
DRAWING UNFUNNY, MORBID
'COMICS' FOR PORN
MAGAZINES DOES
NOT AMOUNT TO
ANYTHING EVEN
REMOTELY
RESEMBLING A
'CAREER.'

WELL, I PAY
MY SHARE OF
THE BILLS!

YES, I KNOW--AND
IT 'FULFILLS' YOU,
AND ALL THAT GARBAGE,
BUT DON'T
YOU SEE, THIS IS THE
BARE MINIMUM--
WE JUST GET BY--
WE NEVER HAVE
ENOUGH TO REALLY
ENJOY LIFE!

I ENJOY MY LIFE
JUST FINE, THANK
YOU!
I WOULDN'T
TRADE WITH MR.
MIDDLE-CLASS
COMPUTER ANALYST
IN A MILLION
YEARS...

HA HA--YOU ALWAYS GET
THAT TONE IN YOUR VOICE
WHEN YOU TALK ABOUT
REX--YOU'RE REALLY
THREATENED BY HIM,
AREN'T YOU?

THREATENED?
HAH! HE'S FAR
TOO BLAND TO BE
THREATENING.
I JUST THINK
IT'S SICKENING
HOW YOU FAWN
OVER HIM--

AND DON'T THINK I HAVEN'T
NOTICED HOW YOU GO TO SUCH
GREAT LENGTHS TO 'PREPARE'
YOURSELF WHENEVER WE
SEE HIM.

ACTUALLY, THAT'S MORE
FOR THE SAKE OF HIS NEW
WIFE--WE'VE NEVER
MET HER, AND I
WANT TO MAKE A
GOOD IMPRES-
SION.

WHAT YOU MEAN IS--
YOU WANT TO LOOK
BETTER THAN
SHE DOES!

MY MOTHER
TAUGHT ME
TO NEVER
LET ANOTHER
WOMAN LOOK
BETTER THAN I
DO, IN THESE
SITUATIONS.

YOUR MOTHER'S
AN INSUFFERABLE
BITCH.

TRUE.
WELL, I'VE ALWAYS
LOOKED BETTER THAN
REX'S WIVES AND
GIRLFRIENDS. THEY
ALL TEND TO BE A
CERTAIN--
TYPE.

MORONIC
AND PLAIN. JUST
WHAT HE DESERVES

IT'S REALLY PRETTY
OBVIOUS THAT I'M
THE ONE HE'S
WANTED ALL
ALONG--THOSE
OTHER WOMEN
JUST DON'T
COMPARE!

BAH!
YOU MAKE
ME SICK--

YOU'RE ALWAYS SAYING
SHIT LIKE THAT--SO WHY
DID YOU STICK WITH
ME, HUH? WHY AREN'T
YOU WITH HIM--OR
ONE OF HIS ilk?

WELL, BECAUSE
YOU'RE RIGHT--HE'S
GOT SECURITY, BUT
HE'S PRETTY BORING.
AT LEAST WE HAVE
SOME CHEMISTRY.

I'M EMB-
ARRASSED
THAT WE DON'T
HAVE MORE TO
SHOW FOR OUR
LIVES THAN
THIS TINY
APARTMENT--
WE'RE BOTH
STILL STRUG-
GLING TO GET
BY--I'M A
WAITRESS AND
YOUR SO-CALLED
'CAREER' HAS
GONE NO-
WHERE.
NOW, WAIT A MINUTE--

CHEMISTRY? IS THAT WHAT YOU CALL IT? I GUESS WE MUST BE TWO SUBSTANCES THAT EXPLODE WHEN COMBINED, THEN...

YEAH..I SURE KNOW HOW TO PICK A WINNER.

D.D. YOU BRING SOME OF YOUR STORIES? HE WAS EAGER TO SEE THEM.

YEAH, RIGHT. LIKE I'M SURE HE HASN'T SEEN THESE MAGAZINES BEFORE.

Stuff your FACE...

DON'T DO ME ANY FAVORS. I SETTLED FOR BEING A PORNOPHER LONG AGO. I DON'T HAVE ANY PRETENSIONS.

WELL, THAT'S GOOD.

HOW MANY?

TWO. BUT OUR FRIENDS MAY ALREADY BE HERE. WE'RE THE PAYNES.

OH, YEAH.
THIS WAY, PLEASE.



I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN SO LONG.
HOW ARE YOU? YOU LOOK GREAT..
BLAH BLAH



GREAT.. GOOD TO SEE YOU STUCK WITH IT, MAN. YOU MAKING MUCH MONEY?

THAT'S TOO BAD.. I DON'T MEAN TO BRAG, BUT I'M GLAD I CHOSE MY FIELD, BECAUSE IT JUST KEEPS GROWING...



YEAH. HERE'S SOME COPIES OF STORIES THAT RAN IN 'FUCK' MAGAZINE.

I LOVE CARTOONS! THEY'RE SO...;[;] FUNNY.

UH, HONEY, MAYBE I SHOULD'VE WARNED YOU...

COMICS AREN'T JUST FOR KIDS ANYMORE...

OOH! CARTOONS!

HA HA HA

ISN'T THAT RIGHT, CHUCK?

OH, MY...



HEY, THIS IS GREAT! "JOHNNY BUTTFUCK AND MARY MAG-DELENE IN 'RIM-JOB IN BETHLEHEM'."

SIR?



SIR? ARE YOU READY TO ORDER?

OH... YEAH. HOW ABOUT YOU GUYS?

DEFINITELY.

YOU GO FIRST, PEARL.

OKAY--WHAT GOES ON THE BLAH BLAH BLAH? THE BLAH SAUCE?

YES, MA'AM.



OKAY, I WANT THE BLAH BLAH BLAH, BUT GO EASY ON THE BLAH AND GIVE ME AN EXTRA SIDE ORDER OF BLAH.

WHY DOESN'T SHE EVER JUST ORDER SOMETHING PLAIN? WITHOUT ANY EXTRAS ON THE SIDE, APPETIZERS, ETC. ETC.

BLAH BLAH BLAH

ALL THIS FUSS OVER FOOD! ALL IT DOES IS GO IN ONE END

AND OUT THE OTHER. WHAT DOES IT MATTER HOW LONG IT TOOK TO PREPARE, OR WHAT IT TASTES LIKE? ONE THING'S THE SAME AS ANOTHER--GOD, THE MONEY WE'VE SPENT ON DINNERS LIKE THESE--AND ALL WE DO IS EX-ACRETE MOST OF IT A FEW HOURS LATER!

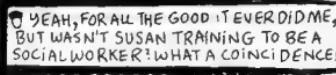
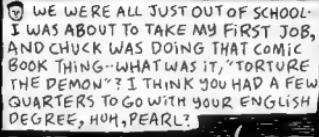
BLAH BLAH BLAH THE OLD DAYS BLAH BLAH

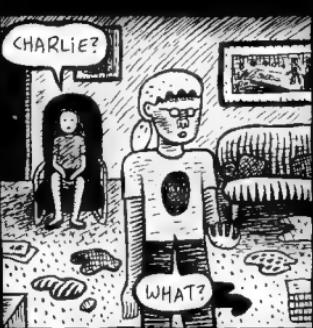
THIS IS THE PART I HATE THE MOST-- PEARL AND REX HAVE TO REMINISCE ABOUT EVERYTHING THEY 'EXPERIENCED' TOGETHER.

SO THEY SMOKED POT TOGETHER ALL THROUGH HIGH SCHOOL--HE WANTED HER, BUT HE NEVER MADE A MOVE ON HER--BIG FUCKING DEAL--THAT'S A FRIENDSHIP?

BUT WHAT DO I KNOW? I DON'T EVEN HAVE ANY LONG-TERM FRIENDSHIPS. NOT TO MENTION SHORT-TERM ONES OF ANY REAL DEPTH. I'M TERRIBLE AT THAT STUFF!









SEYBOLD SUNSHINE

DISTRIBUITORE the HONEY-BEE

ACHTUNG!

Mr. Crowley of number 47 Light Lane
hereby offers a

REWARD

In excess of

1.000.000.000

GUARANTEED to the first person who can successfully acquire one of the folded humminbird pies made by the sinister and reclusive White Cinnamon twins. Or, more accurately, it should be made plain that of these legendary siblings, one is now dead...butchered in a sound sleep by his own kinness. The twins were rumored to have grown increasingly suspicious of one another, often quarreling over each other's flour or honeycombs; such confrontation worse than the last.

After murdering his brother Max, Cinnamon Jack confined himself to the house they had both shared all their lives. There, he began formulating curious concoctions with queer properties.



I don't know, really...it just sounded cool. Anyways, the years have taken old Jack's vision and he's gone blind as bat. Fortunately, Max has 3 crossed bats crossed fingers, as I had feared. So friend, will you do my bidding?

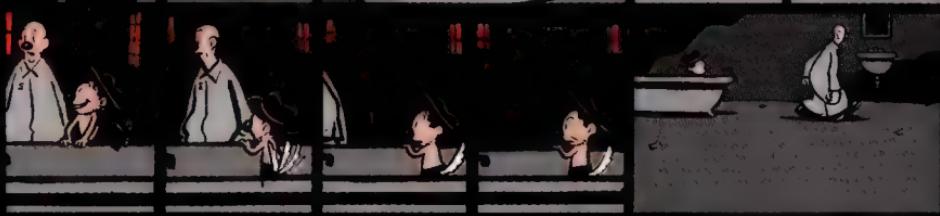
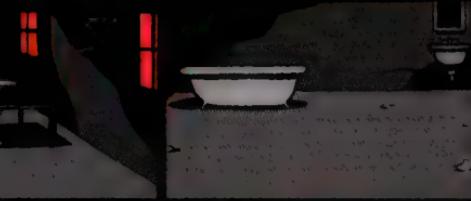


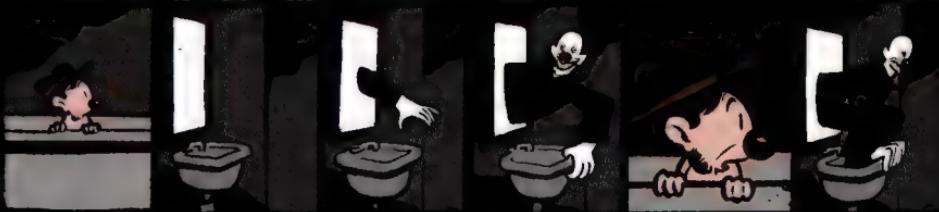
And so the pilgrims raised their sails
and cast their hearts to the west.
With nary a bee nor bird to guide them—
save for the shiny anticipation of idle fortune
and cheap women...

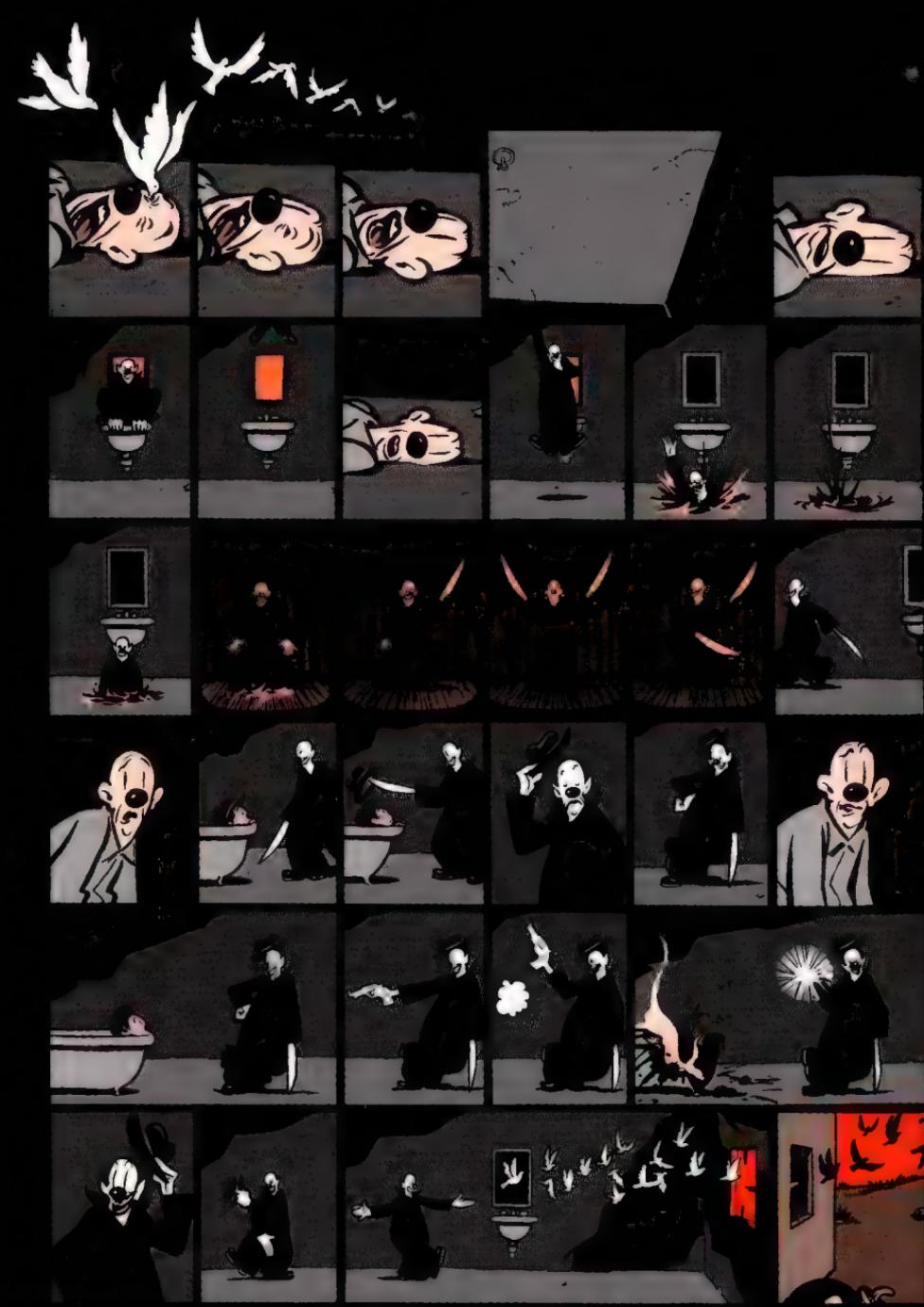














PLEASURE TO
HAVE YOUR
ACQUAINTANCE

OH, SURELY
IM SURE.



S E Y M O U R

I WORSHIP THE DEVIL BOY HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I EXIST !

S U N S H I N E

★ HEY KIDS ! always remember to get along with the cinnamon boy



The LICKER

in

"LOST BOOBIE-CHAIN BLUES"

©1995

C.Tyler

ALL THIS
LICKIN' - UH
I MEAN LOOKIN'
IS MAKIN' ME
CRAZY!

SEEN MY
BRASSIERE
KITTY?





THE NEW WAR!

IT WAS IN THE 1950'S WHEN THE AMERICAN EXTREME RIGHT STARTED TO GROW INTO WHAT WE RECOGNIZE TODAY. THE FIRST SIGHTING OF THIS ILK WAS SHORTLY AFTER THE KENNEDY ASSASSINATION, WHEN SENATOR THOMAS E. DODDS OF CONNECTICUT PROPOSED A BILL LIMITING THE SALE OF GUNS BY MAIL. THREE MEN IN BAGDAD, ARIZONA, GOT INTO A CAR AND DROVE ALL THE WAY TO WASHINGTON TO OPPOSE IT!



WHEN LISTENING TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE EXTREME RIGHT, ONE WONDERS, NOT ABOUT HOW AMERICA CAME TO BE IN SUCH DIRE STRAITS, BUT ABOUT HOW THE COUNTRY HAS MANAGED TO SURVIVE SO LONG AT ALL!



THE EXTREME RIGHT, HOWEVER, AREN'T THE ONLY ONES INTO WEAPONS, THEY JUST HAPPEN TO BE MOST COMPETENT IN THEIR USE...IT'S BEEN SAID THAT IN HIGH SCHOOL, THOSE WHO GREW UP TO BE VIOLENT LEFT-WINGERS PAID MOST ATTENTION IN SOCIAL STUDIES, WHILE THOSE WHO GREW UP TO BE VIOLENT RIGHT-WINGERS PAID MOST ATTENTION IN SHOP!



THUS, EVEN AT BROADWAY & PIKE IN SEATTLE CAN YOU FIND THOSE WHO VIEW WEAPONS AS HANDY!



HOW DOMESTIC SECURITY FORCES YEARN FOR THE GLAMOROUS DAYS OF OLD - THERE WAS NO WORRYING ABOUT WHITE ASSHOLE MIDDLE AMERICA, "SUPER PATRIOTS" AS THE CIVILIAN MILITIAS REFER TO THEMSELVES... NO, LIFE WAS CUT & DRIED...

LOOK AT PRE-WORLD WAR TWO JAPAN! THERE, YOU HAD GROUPS KNOWN AS "DOUBLE PATRIOTS." THEY SAW THEMSELVES AS PATRIOTIC AS THE GOVERNMENT X 2!



WHEN LAWFUL AND ILLEGAL PATRIOTISM CONVERGE ON THE SAME TIME/SPACE CONTINUUM, YOU'VE GOT A DANGEROUS PROBLEM!



AND IF THAT WEREN'T ENOUGH, INDIVIDUAL WHITE MALES JUST FEEL GENERALLY FUCKED OVER, LOST IN THE SURF OF FEMINISM'S AND MINORITY-RIGHT'S RISING TIDE!



I KNOW, I REMEMBER... I WAS THERE ON THAT BITTER PARADE SQUARE NORTH OF QUÉBEC CITY IN THE LATE AFTERNOON ON THAT DECEMBER DAY! STANDING THERE, IN THE COLD... IT GIVES YOU TIME TO THINK!



IT'S A CULTURAL FAILING OF OURS THAT MAKES COMBAT OR COMBAT TRAINING JUST ABOUT THE ONLY RITUAL RITE OF PASSAGE FROM BOYHOOD TO MANHOOD, ONE OF THE FEW CHANCES YOUR MOM & SISTER HAVE TO CRY OVER YOU...



THIS LACK OF ANY ALTERNATIVE PLACE TO PROVE ONE'S MANHOOD RESULTS IN A WARRIOR SOCIETY THAT IS THE NATIONAL CLEARING-HOUSE FOR MALE NARCISSISM. STOP IN AT ANY DISCOTHEQUE IN ANY SMALL CITY OR TOWN ADJOINING AN ARMY BASE, AND YOU CAN SEE THEM: YOUNG SOLDIERS WEARING AS MUCH MILITARY-ISSUE GEAR AS OFF-DUTY RULES WILL ALLOW, BELIEVING THEMSELVES IRRESISTABLE TO WOMEN!



ULTIMATELY, HOWEVER, THE NEW WARRIOR OF TODAY TENDS TO FIND GOVERNMENT-SPONSORED ARMIES TOO CONFINING, TOO SLOW TO WAKE UP TO THE FACT THAT THE MODERN WAR ZONES ARE IN THE STREETS OF OUR CITIES, WHERE THERE IS ALWAYS SOMEONE WHO'D DEARLY LOVE TO KILL US!



IT'S THE STRESS OF LIFE IN THE GLOBAL VILLAGE... MOST OF US LEARN TO COPE; GENTLE READERS RATIONALIZE...



WHILE THE NEW WARRIOR IS CONCERNED WITH ONLY WITH ONE WORD: VENGEANCE!



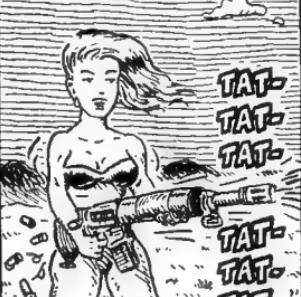
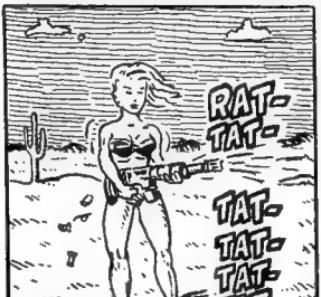
YOU CAN LAUGH AT THE NEW WARRIOR ALL YOU WANT TO NOW, BUT YOU'LL BE SORRY AFTER WORLD WAR THREE WHEN IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!



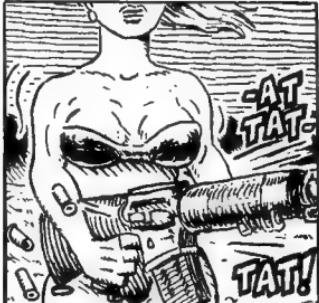
AH WELL, AS THEY SAY, THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MEN AND BOYS IS THE PRICE OF THEIR TOYS, RIGHT?

HOWEVER, YOU DON'T HAVE TO SPEND A LOT OF MONEY BUILDING YOUR PERSONAL ARSENAL—THERE ARE SOME TRUE BARGOONS AROUND!

TAKE YOUR AK47 FOR INSTANCE! UNTIL RECENTLY, IT COULD BE HAD-COMPLETE WITH THREE 30-ROUND MAGAZINES, CLEANING KIT AND BAYONET—FOR LESS THAN \$300!



OTHER MANUFACTURERS, WHILE OFFERING A MORE EXPENSIVE WEAPON, HAVE USED CLEVER MARKETING—SUCH AS PROMOTIONAL VIDEOS SHOWING THE RECOIL EFFECT ON MODEL'S BREASTS—TO FUEL INTEREST IN THEIR PRODUCT!



AS A RESULT OF PARAMILITARY CULTURE, INSECURE MEN WITH LOW SELF-ESTEEM HAVE FOUND NEW ROLES FOR THEMSELVES IN SOCIETY; IN THEIR OWN MINDS THEY'VE BEEN REBORN AS HEROIC FIGURES! FLUFFY, SOMEBODY'S GOTTA FIGHT FOR JUSTICE, AND IF IT MEANS GOING BEYOND TH' PERIMITERS OF THE LAN THEN SO BE IT!!



AND SPEAKING OF REBIRTH, IT'S A SIGN OF OUR TIMES THAT EVER SINCE THE NOVEMBER 3RD, 1979 MASSACRE OF FIVE ANTI-KLAN DEMONSTRATORS AT A "DEATH TO THE KLAN" RALLY IN GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, MEMBERS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN HAVE BEEN EXCHANGING THEIR TRADITIONAL UNIFORMS FOR MILITARY CAMOUFLAGE FATIGUES!



THEY AINT FIGHTING FOR MUCH... BEYOND THE ATTRACTIVENESS OF MALE GROUPS AND THE NOBILITY OF BATTLE, THESE PARA-MILITARY GROUPS DON'T BELIEVE IN MUCH... THERE'S NO NEW SOCIETY TO BUILD, NOTHING TO GO "HOME" TO... THESE GUYS ARE JUST INTO WAR!



OF COURSE TODAY ONE DOESN'T HAVE TO BE A "JOINER" TO BE A PARTICIPANT IN THE NEW WAR. THERE'S ALWAYS BEEN SERIAL MURDER, THE KILLING OF ONE OR TWO PEOPLE AT A TIME OVER LONG PERIODS, BUT BEFORE THE 1980'S MASS MURDER WAS A RELATIVELY RARE PHENOMENON. IN 1980, JAMES HUBBERT KILLED 21 IN A PREDOMINANTLY LATINO MCDONALD'S IN SAN DIEGO, AND AS THE DECADE PROGRESSED THE FREQUENCY OF THESE BLOODY SLAUGHTERS INCREASED. BY 1987, THE YEAR THAT SAW THE FIRST NEW WAR MASS MURDERS IN AUSTRALIA AND EUROPE (WHERE MICHAEL RYAN KILLED 16 IN HUNTERFORD, ENGLAND--THE MOODS OPERANDO HAD ALREADY BECOME COMMON) TARGET YOUR GROUP; ② GET A SEMIAUTOMATIC; ③ DRESS UP IN YOUR CAMMIES...



'89 WAS A PARTICULARLY BAD YEAR... BY THE BEGINNING OF DECEMBER, 16 PEOPLE, INCLUDING ASIAN-AMERICAN CHILDREN IN A STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA SCHOOL YARD, HAD BEEN KILLED BY LONE GUNMEN...

REMEMBERING WHERE YOU WERE WHEN EVENTS WERE GOING ON... FOR A BYGONE GENERATION, THE KIDNAPPING OF THE LINDBERGH BABY WAS SOMETHING DEEPLY REMEMBERED. MANY FROM ANOTHER GENERATION REMEMBER WHERE THEY WERE & WHAT THEY WERE DOING WHEN THEY FOUND OUT THAT PRESIDENT KENNEDY HAD BEEN SHOT! MAYBE SOME OF THESE KIDS RUNNING AROUND TODAY WILL BE REMEMBERING WHERE THEY WERE WHEN THEY FOUND OUT THAT THE "COLUMBIA" OR OKLAHOMA CITY HAD BEEN BLOWN UP! ME, I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER WHERE I WAS ON DECEMBER 9TH, 1989, WHEN MARC LEPINE WAS IN THE ECOLE POLYTECHNIQUE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MONTREAL SHOOTING 27 WOMEN... THE GUY NEXT TO ME ON THE PARADE SQUARE WAS DOING SOME HORNSING AROUND...



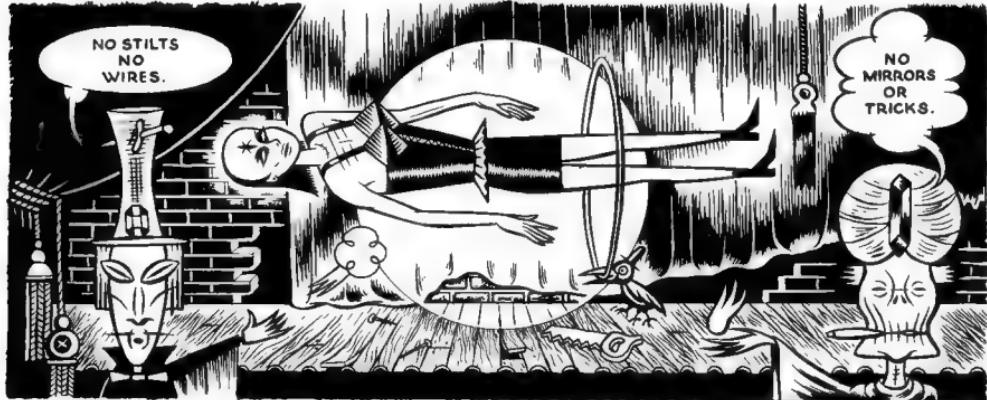
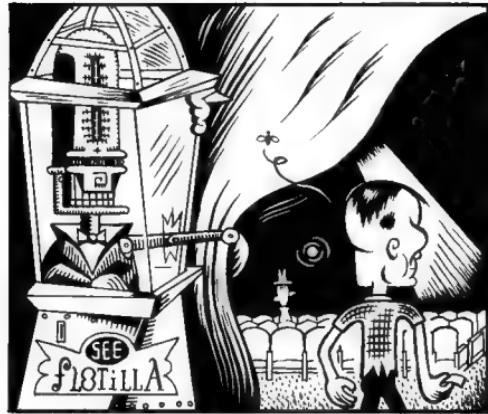
ALL THIS HAPPENED IN CANADA--A COUNTRY WITH GUN CONTROL COMING OUT THE ASS--BUT MORE GUN CONTROL IS THE ONLY SOLUTION THAT PEOPLE ARE INTO... PARA-MILITARY CULTURE AS A WHOLE? WHY SHUX, THAT'S JUST ANOTHER LITTLE OL' ECCENTRIC HOBBY THAT SOME FOLKS ARE INTO, RIGHT?!

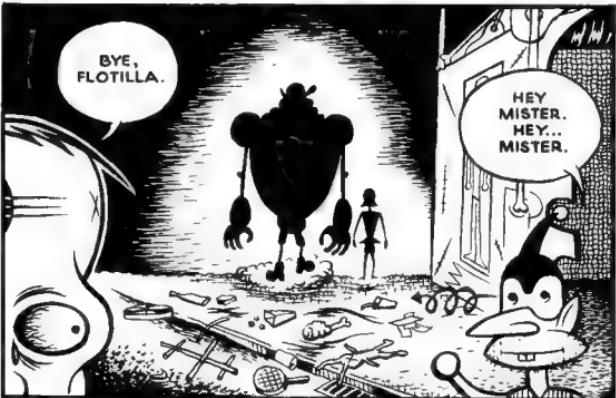
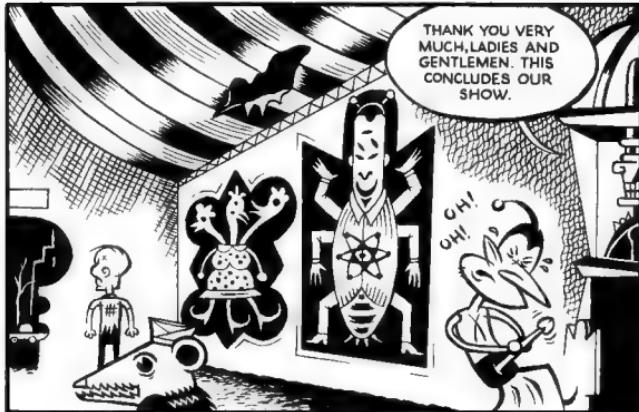
YOU'RE ALL A BUNCH OF FEMINISTS, AND I HATE FEMINISTS!

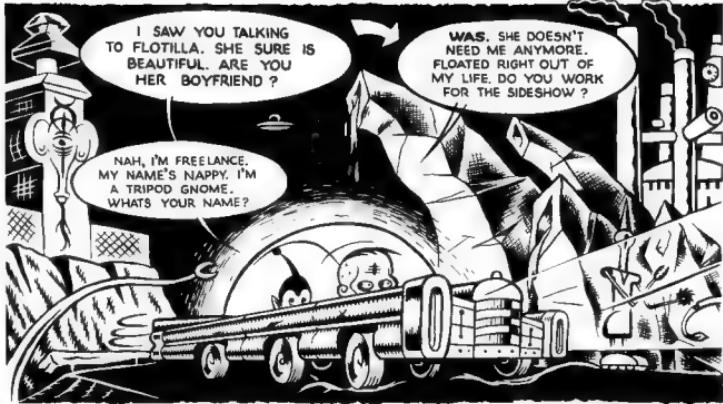


MEAT

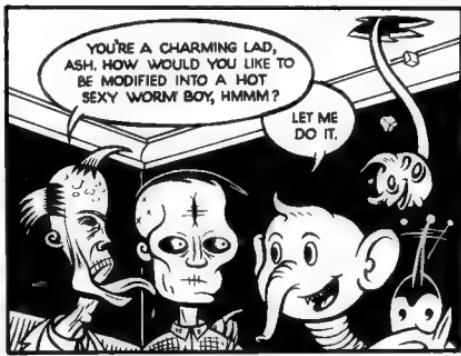
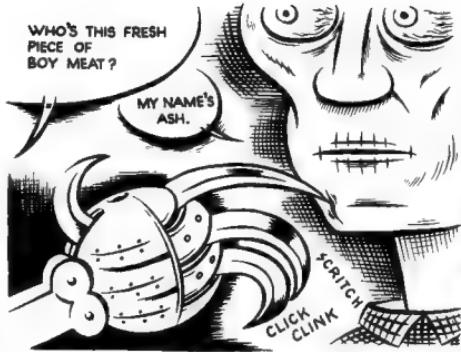




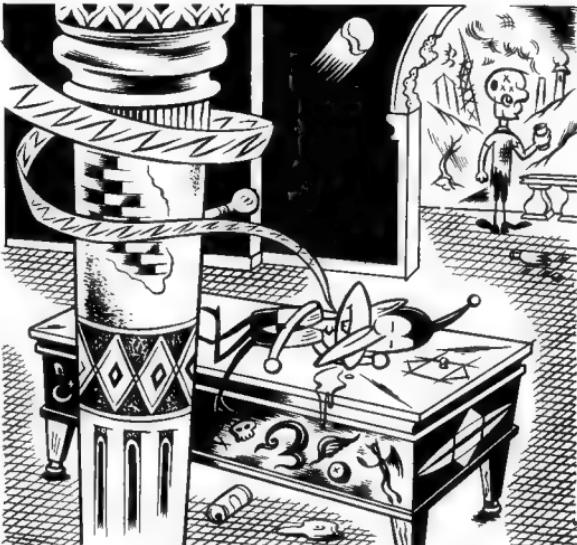
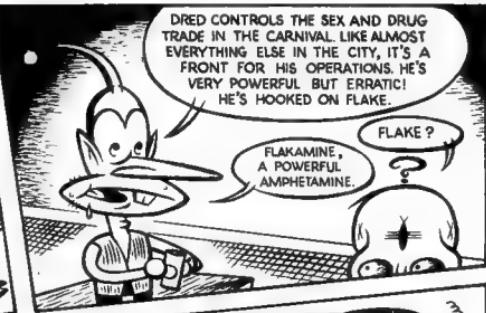
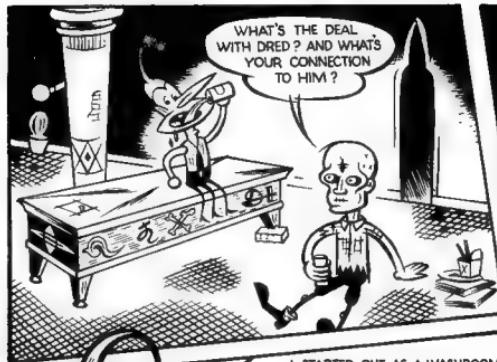


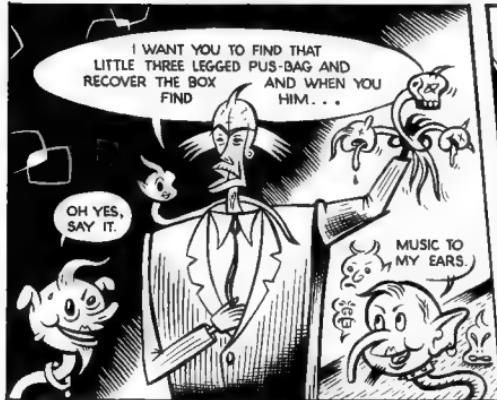


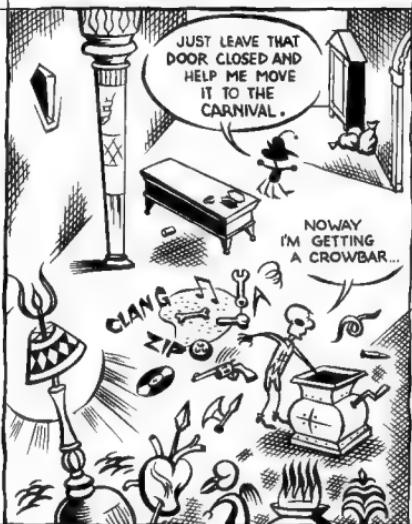












THE END PART ONE

Back issues...



MARCH/APRIL 1995! Premiere! Bukowski & Moriarity! Stack's "Jesus" returns! Plus Andersson, Collier, Diana, Head, Holzman, Valium, Williams, first "Fuzz & Pluck" by Stearn, Panter cover!



MAY/JUNE 1995! Sala's "Chuckling Whatsit" begins, first "Homunculus" by White, new "Trashman" story by Spain, plus Andersson, Collier, Head, Matsi!, Mazzucchelli, Stack, and Wayne!



JULY 1995! Soothing Valium cover! Energizing Sandlin back cover! Plus Andersson, Collier, Head, Newgarden, Sala, Stack, Stearn, Williamson, and Altergoft's "Douché Bag Dougan!"

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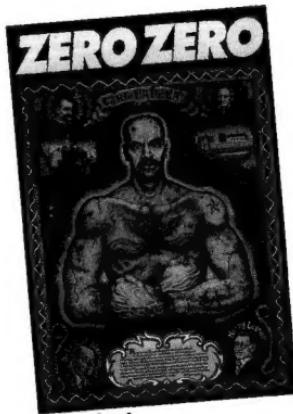
Next issue...



White!



Ware!



...plus Kaz and Georgarakis, Kim Deitch, and a few surprises!



ANOTHER GARBAGE DUMPSTER MELTED DOWN-TIME WAS TO MENDER HOW LONG IT'LL TAKE BEFORE THE CITY SNATCHES THE ALL-STEEL KIND, LIKE THEY GOT IN DETROIT.



Collier!

SIGNS OF THE IMPENDING APOCALYPSE!



Sign the FOURTH

A slice of toast is bombarded by berries, while an amused couple speed by in a sports car. By **MARK BEYER**



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